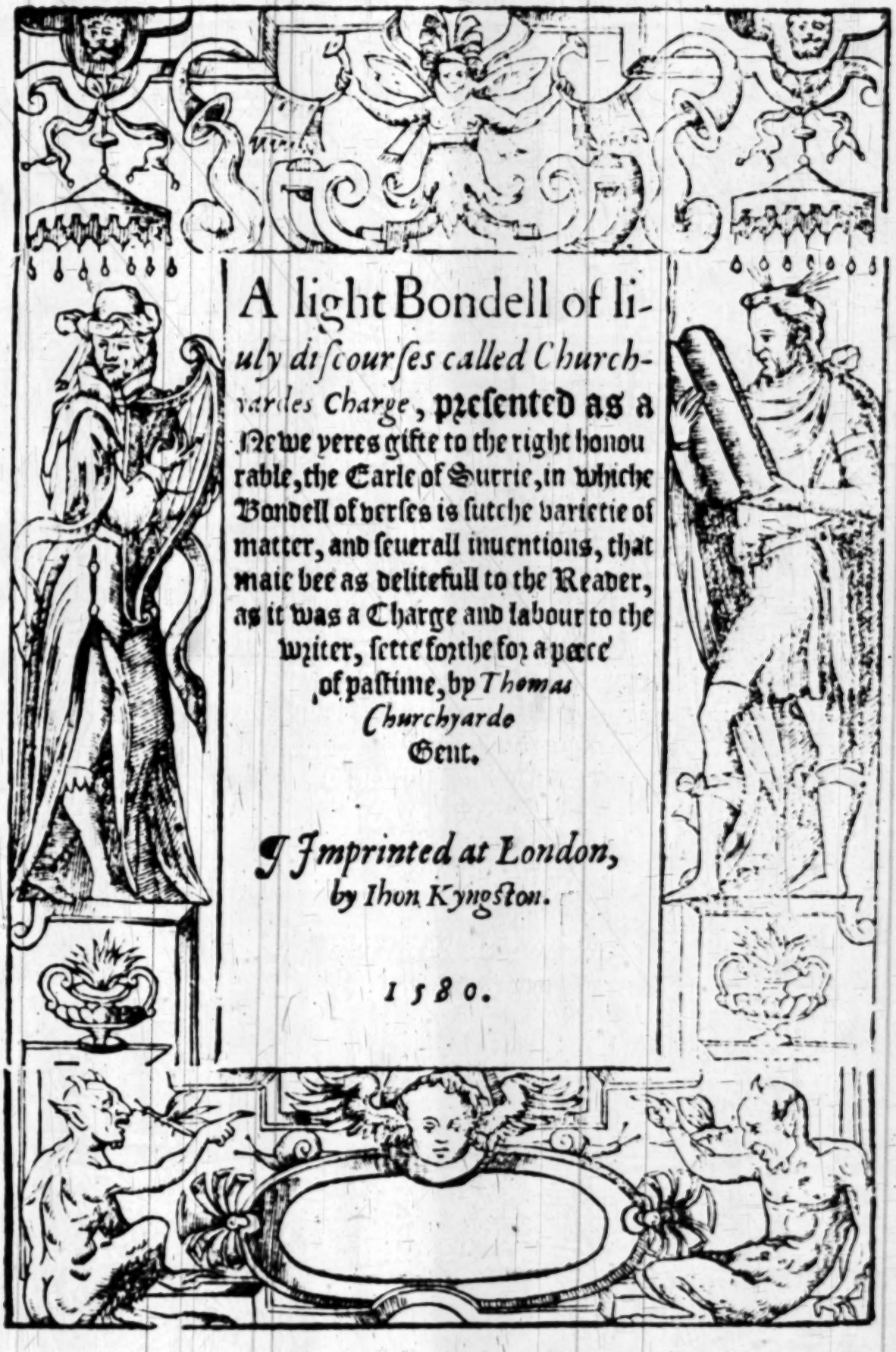

A light Bondell of liuly discourses called Churchyardes Charge, presented as a Newe yeres gifte to the right honourable, the Earle of Surrie, in whiche Bondell of verses is sutche varietie of matter, and seuerall inuentions, that maie bee as delitefull to the Reader, as it was a Charge and labour to the writer, sette forthe for a peece of pastime, by *Thomas Churchyardo* Gent.

¶ *Imprinted at London, by Ihon Kyngston.*

1580.

Churchyard Epitaph

Come Alecto send me thy Portes
To finde a Churchyeard in a Church porte
Poverty & poetry this tombe doth inclose
Wherfor gentleme readers be merry in prose

¶ To the right honourable my especiall good Lorde the Erle of Surrey: Thomas Churchyarde wisheth many happie Newe yeres, Fortunate daies and weekes, encrease of honour and vertue, with moste assured felicitie.

Knowe not my good lorde, whether my boldnesse and presumption be greater, then the baseneſſe of my matter herein penned, and I mynde to presente: consideryng the worthinesse of the personage, to whom I dedicate my booke, and the weakeneſſe of my wit, that presenteth vaine verſes, where vertue of the mynde aboundeth. But for that I treate not of mere trifles, (nor meane to corrupt ſound ſenſes, and good maners with wanton wordes or leude rime) I am partly perſwaded this myne Newyeres gift, ſhall giue your lordſhip delite, and purchace to my ſelf the deſired thankes, that euery honeſt writer deſerueth: Becauſe the ſubſtance and effect of all my inuentions, are ſhadowed vnder the ſheld of good meanyng: And a matter well meant (by the courteſie of true conſtructiō) maie paſſe

the muster & good opinion of the people, emong the best assemblies that looketh on the furniture I bryng, and ableneſſe of my penne. And albeit ſome weapons want to beate backe the thompyng boltes of euill tongues (in my defence be it ſpoken) yet the Armour of right, and Target of trothe ſhall bee ſufficient to ſtrike doune the blowes, that hautie hartes with threatnyng thwartes can offer. And who ſo euer haſtely or vnaduiſedly through malicious wordes, hinders the credite of any honeſt workes, maie be thought both a raſhe and a parciall ſpeaker, & a buſie medler in matters, thei neither mynde to amende, nor nor will ſuffer that the worlde ſhall ſpeake well therof. But now farther to procede, & enter into the cauſe of this my boldneſſe, the troth is in callyng to remẽbrance a promes that I made, touching ſome verſes. And honoryng in harte the Erle of Surrie, your Lordſhipps graundfather, & my maſter (who was a noble warriour, an eloquent Oratour, and a ſecond Petrarke) I could doe no leſſe but publiſhe to the worlde ſomewhat that ſhould ſhewe, I had loſt no time in his ſeruice. And finding an other of his race and towardneſſe, who hath taſte and feelyng in the good giftes of Nature, and noble vertues of his auncestours, (the hope of whiche graces, promiſeth greate perfection to followe in tyme to come) I thought I might dedicate

dedicate

dicate a booke vnto your Lordshippe, named by myne owne liking Churchyards Charge. But now right noble Earle, the worlde louyng change and varietie of matter, waxeth awearie of freuoulous verses (because so many are writers of Mieter) and looketh for some learned discourse, by whiche meanes my barrain bookes maie remaine vnred, or misliked, and so lye on the Stationers stall, as a sillie signe of a newe nothyng, neither worthe the buiyng, nor the regardyng. To that I maie aunswere (vnder pardon and correction) that the grounde whiche of Nature yeldeth, but Thistles or Brambles, maie bryng forthe no good Corne of it self, contrary to his operation and kinde. Nor a man that is accustomed to treate of trifles maie, not meddle with the deepenesse of graue argumentes. For as it passes the searche and capacitie of a simple witte, to se into any matter of importaunce, so it is necessarie that a pleasaunt and plaine companion, should alwaies be occupied about pastymes, and namely at Christmas, whē little short tales, driues out a pece of the long nightes, and rather with mirthe to procure a laughter, then with sadnesse prouoke a lowryng: and he that sturreth vp the heauie myndes to light some consaites, is more welcome in euery place, then he that ouerthrowes the weake senses of common people, with curious imagina-

tions, and burthens bothe bodie and mynde, with wordes of greater weight, then common iudgement can cõceiue, and be able to beare. A tale or a toye mirrely deliuered, pleaſeth moſte mennes eares: and an earneſte ſadde argument, either rockes a man a ſlepe, or maketh the hearers awearie. And the nature of Rime is to reuiue the ſpirites, or moue a ſmile, when many a one is ſcarce pleaſauntly diſpoſed. A Rime goeth on ſutche feete, ſtandeth on ſutche ioyntes, and rappeth out ſutch reaſons, that wiſedome taketh pleaſure in, and follie will make a wonder of. The woordes by inuention hits a thyng ſo iompe, and kepes ſutche a decorum and methode, that bothe order and meaſure is ſeen, in the cunnyng conueyance of the verſes, eſpecially if the ſwete and ſmothe ſentences bee ſifted, from the ſowre rough Branne of needleſſe babble and vanitie. A ſenſible witte hauyng the pennyng of the matter. But loe my good Lorde, in ſhewyng the nature and qualitie of a good verſe, how my hoblyng is ſeen, and perceiued by the badneſſe, or bare handelyng of the thynges herein written: yet now I haue ron ſo farre in ouerweenyng, that either I am forced to goe forward, or remaine in the midwaie diſcomforted, and without remeadye. Wherefore, albeeit I ſhall ſhewe but a bondell of drie deuiſes, I muſt open my fardell, & make ſale of ſutche

ſtuffe,

ſtuffe, as my hedde hath been ſtuffed withall: Euen like the poore Peddlar, that trudgeth with his packe to a Faire, and there vnfoldeth emong ſome newe laces & odde trifles, a greate deale of old ware and little rẽnantes, that for lacke of quicke ſale, hath laine long in a cloſe corner. I neede not to ſeeke out a patron to ſupport them: for thei are neither worthe the readyng, nor the buiyng, yet hauyng no better, am compelled to vtter the thynges I haue leſte. Prouidyng that my nexte booke maie ſhewe ſomewhat emong the reſt that goeth before: for that it ſhall be dedicated to the moſte worthieſt (and towardes noble man), the Erle of Oxford, as my laiſure maie ſerue, and yet with greate expedition. Thus beyng ouer tedious and bolde, in ſtretching out a ſhort and ſorie Epiſtle (that had been better knit vp in fewe lines) I wiſhe your Lordſhip many newe and happie yeres, long life to your liking, to the honour of GOD, and encreaſe of good fame: and a peece or portion of eche goodneſſe can be named.

From my lodging nere to the Courte the
firſt daie of Ianuarie. Your Lord-
ſhippes alwaies at com-
maundements.

Thomas Churchyard.

To the freendly Reader.

I Daily trouble the good Reader with Bookes, Verſes, Pamflettes, and many other triflyng thinges, as mutche to hold thee occupied in good will towardes me (and keepe thee from loſſe of tyme) as for any matter that I either cã gaine glorie by, or deſerueth to bee embraſed: but vſyng me and my workes thankefully, and payyng me for my paines, with the like courteſie, that other men reapeth for their labours, I thinke my ſtudie well beſtowed, and promes yet with my penne, to pleaſure thee farther. And for that I would haue all menne to thinke, that in trothe and plainneſſe I haue greate felicitie, and doe hate any kinde of flatterie or fineneſſe. I meane in my next booke, called my Challenge, to ronne ouer many of myne other woorkes, and where peraduenture by ſome reporte of others, (that knewe not the trothe,) I haue failed in ſettyng foorthe of ſome ſeruices, emong the whiche Maiſter Jhon Norrice, and diuers wor-

thie gentlemen Captaines now in Flaunders, haue not the worthinesse of their seruices declared. I doe promes that now beyng better instructed, and hauyng true intelligence of thynges as thei were, I will at large write the commendation of as many, as merites to bee honoured for their well doyng, and make amendes, where either by ignoraunce, or the report of others I haue failed. For so sure as GOD is Almightie, if I could gaine mountaines of golde, to flatter any one in Printyng an vntrothe, I would rather wishe my handes were of, then take in hande sutche a matter. For neither affection, fauor, commoditie, fame, nor parciallitie, at no tyme nor season, shall willyngly lead my penne amisse. And further, if I thought any one for his owne glories sake, had tolde me more then is truely to bee proued: I would not onely condempne my self for giuyng sutche hastie credite, to vainglorious people: But in like sorte my penne should shewe the blotte in their browes, that giueth me wrong aduertisementes. And so good Reader, condẽpne not me if any thing bee amisse, or lefte out that ought to haue been touched: For as I knowe and am instructed (seeyng not all my self) I must write, and so till my nexte booke come forthe (where many thynges shall be treated of) and that my good will to the honouryng of vertue

shall

ſhall bee ſeen. I bidde thee fare well freendly Reader, crauyng thy fauourable Iudgemente on that I haue written. From thoſe men for whom my booke hath bin a blaſt of fame vnto (as I did beleue by the true trõpet of penne) are not of ſutche greate abilitie, that either their purſes power or countenaunces, could comptll me to followe their humours: nor by any meanes woorke my muſe to their willes, whoſe ritcheſſe and wealthe is not able (if men would be hired) to wreſt a wrie the hande and hedde of an honeſt writer. And to make manifeſt that I neither will be infected, nor carried awaie from that whiche is good, for any badde practice and perſwaſions, I confeſſe before GOD and the worlde, I ſcarce haue receiued thankes, for the honeſt labors I haue taken (at their handes that I haue written of) mutche leſſe haue I been recompenced, or founde cauſe to flatter the worlde. But in one thyng I maie reioyce, the honourable perſone to whom my choice is dedicated (and others of great callyng) hath bothe been gratefull ſondrie waies (in moſte bountifull maner:) and alſo hath encoraged me to proceede in the like paines, whiche in very deede I mynde to go about as well to the fame and glory of good menne, as for the aduoidyng of ſloth and idelneſſe my ſelf.

FINIS.

A ſtorie tranſlated out of Frenche.

IN old tyme paſte in Picardie,
there dwelt an honeſt man,
Whoſe name the ſtorie doeth not tell,
what he was called than:
A wife he had, a houſe he helde,
as Farmers vſe to doo,
And lacked little for theſame,
that did belong there too.
And as God ſent hym ſuffiſaunce,
to rubbe forthe life here lent,
So for to chere vnweldie age, faire children God hym ſent:
Of whiche he had one moſte in minde, a lad of liuly ſpyerte,
Who with great care he kept to ſchoole, as for his youth was meete.
This boye to glad his fathers harte, in bookes ſet his delite,
And learnd to make a Latine verſe, to reade and eke to write:
And for his Nature was enclinde, to ſtudie learnyngs lore,
The better he aplied his ſchoole, he profited the more.
To make his ſchoole the ſweeter ſeem, with Muſicke mixed was,
The ſtudie that he followd then, the tyme awaie to paſſe: (ſmal let,
Good bookes were bought and inſtruments, greate charge was but
If that thereby the father might, the ſomme ſome knowledge get.
In ſeuen yeres (as tyme it was,) this ſtriplyng gan to taſte,
Tyme well emploied, tyme driuen forthe, and tyme ill ſpēt in waſte,
And made no ſmall account thereof, but ſtill ſought more to haue,
Wherewith he to his father came, on knees this did he craue.
I haue (q he) dere father now, my childiſhe daies ore ronne,
And as I thinke, and you beleue, my boyes delites are donne:
And as my witte and grace hath ſerud, ſome learnyng haue I gote,
And as I knowe you loue me well, on me you ſhould not dote.
I meane I ſhould not ſtill at home, vnder my mothers wing,

Be brought vp like a wanton child, and doe no other thing:
The worlde is wide, I want no witte, your wealth is not so greate,
But you maie thinke in some dere pere, I scarce deserue my meate.
And though your kinde and custome is, full fatherlike alwaie,
Yet should your sonne discretion haue, to ease you as he maie:
Wherefore to make your burthen lesse, let me goe seeke my happ,
And let no longer now your sonne, be kullde in mothers lapp.
The father wise well vnderstoode, his childs request at full,
And that the fethers of his youth, he thought awaie to pull:
(Before he gaue hym leaue to parte) by councell graue and sage,
Well boye quoth he now art thou come, vnto thy flowryng age.
Now art thou like the little wande, that bent and bound will bee,
Vnto his hande or to his skill, that liste to maister thee:
Now are ripe peres soone rotten made, now art thou apt to take,
Bothe good and badd, but cheefly things, that age bidds thee forsake.
And now large scope shall some forget, what short rein learnd in schole
And thou that wisely wast brought vp, shall plaie the wanton foole.
Abrode as wilde harebrains are wont, newe taken from their booke,
And in a while laie all a side, nere after their on looke.
In eury place of thy repaire, thou shalt no father finde,
Nor scarce a freende to whō thou maiest, at all tymes sho thy minde:
But on Gods blessyng goe thy waie, thy wilde Otes are vnsowne,
Hereafter time shall learne thee well, things to thee now vnknowne.
The ladde his leaue and farewell tooke, well furnisht for the nonce,
And had about hym as I trowe, his treasure all at once:
To court he came all maisterlesse, and sawe what likt hym beste,
Of rumpyng Leather were his shues, his feete no where could reste:
His bookes to blade and bucklar chang'd, he gaue ore scholars trade,
Where reuell roysted all in ruffe, there he his residence made.
This rule had soone his purse so pickt, that pyncoks wanted pence,
And oft he sawe some trussed vp, that made but small offence:
His father farre from seyng this, he come of honest stocke,
He hoffryng forthe a hatefull life, in many a wicked flocke.
And pricked oft to slipper shifts, yet some regard he tooke,
To be a sclander to his kinne, that kept hym to his booke:
And in a better moode to thriue, to seruice did he drawe,

He

He muſt goe that the deuill driues, ye knowe neede hath no lawe.
A maiſter of no meane eſtate, a mirrour in thoſe daies,
His happie Fortune then hym gate, whoſe vertues muſt I praiſe:
Woꝛe heauenly were thoſe gifts he had, then yearthly was his foꝛme.
His coꝛpꝰ to woꝛthie foꝛ the graue, his fleſhe no meate foꝛ woꝛme.
An Erle of birthe, a God of ſpꝛite, a *Tullie* foꝛ his tong, (rong:
We thinke of right the woꝛlde ſhould ſhake, when half his pꝛaiſe were
Oh curſed are thoſe crooked crafts, that his owne countrey wꝛought.
To chop of ſutche a choſen hed, as our tyme nere foꝛthe bꝛought.
His knowledge cꝛept beyond the ſtarrs, & raught to Ioues hie trone
The bowels of the yearth he ſawe, in his deepe bꝛeaſt vnknowne:
His wiꝛt looke thꝛough eche mãs deuice, his iudgemẽt groũded was,
Almoſte he had foꝛeſight to knowe, ere things ſhould come to paſſe.
When thei ſhould fall what ſhould betied, oh what a loſſe of weight,
Was it to loſe ſo ripe a hedde, that reached ſutche a height:
In eury art he feelyng had, with penne paſt *Petrarke* ſure,
A faſhion framde whiche could his foes, to freendſhip oft alure.
His vertues could not kepe hym here, but rather wꝛought his harms,
And made his enemies murmure oft, & bꝛought them in by ſwarms:
Whoſe pꝛactiſe put hym to his plonge, and loſte his life thereby,
Oh cancred bꝛeſts that haus ſutche harts, wherin ſuche hate doth lye.
As told I haue, this yong man ſeru'd, this maiſter twiſe twoo yere,
And learnd therein ſutche fruitfull ſkill, as long he held full dere:
And vſd the penne as he was taught, and other gifts alſo,
Whiche made hym hold the capp on hed, where ſome do croch full lo.
As credite came he carefull was, how to maintaine the ſame,
And made ſmall count of life oꝛ death, to kepe his honeſt name:
His father not a little glad, of his good happ thus founde,
And he foꝛgot no duetie ſure, to whom he ought be bounde.
From court to warrs he wounde about, a Soldiours life to leade,
And leaned to the woꝛthieſt ſoꝛt, their ſtepps to marche and treade:
And followd Caimon wheele as faſt, to learne ſome knowlege then,
As he afoꝛe at maiſters heeles, did waite with ſeruyng men.
But thoſe twoo liues a diffrence haue, at home good chere he had,
Abꝛoad full many a hongrie meale, and lodgyng verie bad:
All daie in coꝛſlet caled faſte, whiche made his ſhulders ake,

All night vpon a couche of ſtrawe, right glad his reſt to take.
Thꝛough thicke & thin a thꝛiftleſſe tyme, he ſpent & felt mutch greef,
And euer hopyng foꝛ theſame, at length to finde releef:
No ſmall while there as ye haue hard, in colde ſharpe winter nights,
Where he did feele ſtrange plags enowe, and ſawe full vgly ſights.
Some dy foꝛ lack, ſome ſeke foꝛ death, ſome liue as though ther were
Ne God noꝛ man, noꝛ toꝛment here, oꝛ hence we ought to feꝛe:
But yet he markt ſome of that ſoꝛt, whoſe eſtimation ſtood,
Vpon eche point of honeſt name, and things that ſemed good.
He ſawe likewiſe how Foꝛtune plaied, with ſome men foꝛ a while,
And after paid them home foꝛ all, and ſo did them begile:
A wearie of theſe waſtyng woes, a while he left the warre,
And foꝛ deſire to learne the tongs, he traueld very farre.
And had of eury langage part, when homeware did he dꝛawe,
And could rehearſall make full well, of that abꝛoad he ſawe:
To ſtudie wholie was he bent, but countreis cauſe would not,
But he ſhould haunt the warrs againe, aſſignde thereto by lot.
And eke by hope and all vaine happ, pꝛocured to the ſame,
As though eche other glorie grewe, on warrs and warlike fame:
Without the whiche no woꝛlds renowme, was woꝛth a fiꝛe he heeld,
Foꝛ that is honour wonne in deede, once got within the feeld.
Thus in his hed and hye conſaite, he iudg'd that beſte of all,
And thought no mouth foꝛ Suger mete, that could not taſte the gall:
Good lucke and bad mixt in one cup, he dꝛanke to quenche his thirſte,
And better bꝛookt the ſecond warrs, then he did like the firſte.
And leſſe found fault w̄ foꝛtunes freaks, time had ſo well him taught
At chances ſowꝛe he chāg'd no chere, noꝛ at ſwete haps much laught:
In pꝛiſon thꝛiſe, in danger oft, bothe hurt and maugled ſoꝛe,
And all in ſeruice of his pꝛince, and all awaie he woꝛe.
In meane eſtate in office too, ſomtyme a ſingle paie,
Some tym: fewe had ſo muche a weeke, as he was loude a daie:
When woꝛlde wart wiſe, & wealthe did faile & pꝛinces pꝛide appald,
And emptie purſe, and pꝛiuie plag's, foꝛ perfite peace had cald.
And kings and kingdoms quiet were, this man to court he came,
Newe from the giues with face and lookes, as ſimple as a Lame:
Freſhe frō his enemies hands came he, where foꝛ his countries right,

He

He prisned was and forste to grant, a randsome past his might.
Sent home vpen a bande and seale, whiche is to strange a trade,
There to remaine till he for helpe, some honest shifte had made:
All spoiled cleane bare as the bird, whose feathers pluckt haue bin,
Bothe sicke and weake his colour gon, with cheeks full pale and thin.
The sight so strange or worlde so nought, or God would haue it so,
This man had scarce a welcome home, whiche made him muse I tro
His countrey not as he it left, all changed was the state,
But all one thing this man deseru'd, therein no cause of hate.
A carelesse looke on hym thei caste, fauyng a fewe in deede,
Through warrs brought lowe for seruice sake, & felt therby his neede
Of suche as could a diffrence make, of drom and trompetts sounde,
(Frō tabber pipe & Maipole mirth,) their helpyng hands he founde:
And those that fauord featts of warre, and sauour tooke therein,
With open armes embraste hym hard, and said where hast thou bin.
But none of these could doe hym good, to set hym vp I meane,
His freends decaied his father dedde, and housholde broke vp cleane:
Craue could he not, his hart so hye, it would not stoupe to steale,
He scornde to serue a forraine prince, prefarryng common weale.
Aboue all other things on yearth, his countrey honourd he,
At home he likt more poore estate, then thence a lorde to be:
Where should he sue where rā those springs, could cole his feuer hot,
Where durst he mone or plaine for shame, where might relief begot:
But at the fountain or well hedde, yea at his Princes hande,
And in a fewe well couched lines, to make her vnderstande:
His cace his scourge, loe so he did, and boldly did he tell,
The same hym self vnto the Prince, who knowes the man full well.
And gracious words three tymes he gate, the fourth to tell you plain
Unfruitfull was things were straite laest, faire woords maks fooles full fain:
When prince nor countrey made no count, of hym nor of his cace,
And none of bothe would help hym home, of whō he sought for grace.
For whom and for their cause alone, in enemies hands he fell,
And for their right to warrs he went, as all men knowes full well:
And loste his blood for their defence, and for their quarell fought,
And for the same full slenderly, lookte to and set at nought.
When he his duetie to his powre, did eury daie and yere,

Suche vnkinde gwerdon had receiu'd, as well before you here:
He saied let *Marcus Regulus* in fame of Romains stande,
Whiche kept his othe and did retourne, againe to Carthage lande.
If *Tullie* weve a liue to write, his praises more at full,
Yet since I scapt my ennies hands, at home abide I will:
He should not me perswade to goe, where nought but death is found,
My countrey cares not for my life, then why should I be bound.
To foies or any other bande, that I haue power to breake,
Whiche I was forced by my foe, in persone for to speake:
And for the hope of countries helpe, and freends that there I had,
In any sort to please my foes, I was bothe faine and glad.
Not minding if my countrey would, releale me from his hande,
To breake good order any whitte, or violate my bande:
For iustice bids eche man doe right, which God doeth know I ment,
But now a captiue yeeld my self, it maie not me content.
For where that *Tullie* doeth affirme, men ought to keepe their othe,
Unto their freends in euery point, and to their ennues bothe:
And bringeth *Marcus Regulus*, ensample for the same,
With other reasons many a one, whiche were too long to name.
He shewed that the Senats all, would hym haue staied at Rome,
And as in counsaill then thei satte, their iugement and their doome.
Was that the prisners should be free, whiche thei of Carthage held,
And he should stave, full oft his freends, this tale to hym thei teld:
Thei proffired helpe, and offred still, this *Marcus* to redeeme,
But *Marcus* for a further skill, did little that estreme.
I finde no succour hope nor aide, then bounde why should I be,
More to my countrey in this case, that countrey is to me:
These wordes this heaule man rehearst, so bade the warrs *adue*,
And thought he would no raunsome paie, for any thyng he knewe.
Wherefore from court he tourned his face, and so an othe he swore,
As long as he his fiue witts had, to come in court no more:
He kept that othe and cut his cote, as clothe and measure wold,
And doune to Picardie he comes, some saied at thirtie yere old.
And for his lands and rents were small, a maister lent he too,
Who vs'd his seruaunt not so well, as maisters ought to doo:
He was not made out of that mould, that his laste maister was,

These

These twoo in vertues were as like, as Gold was vnto Glasse.
Upon a daie alone he satte, and saied these woꝛds right sadd,
Are soldiours cast at carts arse now, that long faire woꝛds haue had:
Shall kyngs nere neede foꝛ helpe againe, is foꝛtune so their freende,
Haue thei a pattent of the Gods, this peace shall neuer ende.
God graunt yet will I shift I trowe, foꝛ on oꝛ happ shall faile,
And in the stoꝛmes my ship shall learne, to beare a quiet saile:
And cleane foꝛget haue daies agoe, that fed my youthfull yeres,
Full glad that I haue gotten home, and scapt the scrattyng Beers.
Of warrs and other woꝛldly toiles, *adue* I see their fine,
A wife shall now content my mynde, suche as the Gods assigne:
A wooyng thus this hapleſſe man, rode foꝛthe not set to sale,
Thought none like hym in this his suite, was meete to tell his tale.
And as the heauens had agreed, the Planetts well were bent,
He some descended from his hoꝛse, and boldly in he went.
Where dwelt a sober widdowe then, bothe wise and wifly too,
Late fallen sicke, vnknowne to hym, that tyme vnfitt to woo:
But her discretion was so greate, and his behauiour bothe,
These straungers fell acqueinted thus, if ye will knowe the trothe.
He faind an other ernd to make, dissemblyng yet a space,
Till he might spie a better tyme, to shewe her all his cace:
So takyng leaue foꝛ freends he wꝛought, to bꝛyng this thing about,
In suche affaires some spake full faire, that are full well to doubt.
Foꝛ commonly men take no cars, of others sutes foꝛ why,
Their pꝛofite as thei gesse themselues, in hindꝛyng that maie lye:
Some pꝛomise helpe and see no gaine, maye spꝛing to them thereof,
Ware cold and slowe foꝛ lacke of spurre, and vse it as a scoffe.
An other soꝛt with stingyng tongs, saie maistres take good heede,
This man will sone your feathers pull, and cast ye of at neede:
Will you that haue bothe wealth and ease, to yong mens curtie stand,
And set an other maister be, of that is in your hande.
Some seekyng rule of that she hath, and fleecyng from her first,
Doe faune and flatter all the daie, and guide her as thei liste:
And liue on her, and hate her life, and waite her death to see,
And well can please her while she liues, her sectors foꝛ to be.
Suche instruments these widowes haue, about them euꝛy howꝛe,

Perchaunce

Perchance this man perceiu'd the like, and had good cause to lowze:
But as he knewe the fatall chance, of things comes from aboue,
So he began and sought to knowe, the fine of all his loue.
And found a daie full apt therefore, at large the same he told,
And flatly this her aunswere was, she neuer marrie would:
If no newe thoughts fell in her minde, whereof no doubt she made,
Except she chose a wealthie man, that had a grounded trade.
To liue and had a hourd of gold, to keepe them bothe from dette,
Good sir quod she on riches sure, my minde is fully sette:
I can with ritches vertues make, vertue with want is bare,
I praie you come no more at me, thus answerd now ye are.
I would be lothe to hold you on, with wordes and meane in deede,
That neither you for all your suite, nor any yet shall speede:
He hearyng this hangde doune the hedde, and smilde to cloke his woe
A worde or twoo he after spake, and parted euen so.
The waie he rode, he curst hym self, for cruell death he cried,
And saied oh wretche thou liuest to long, to long here doest thou bide:
Not onely for this froward happ, but for all other chance,
At any tyme thou tookst in hande, thy self for to aduaunce.
Thy vertues ought if thei maie be, serues thee no whit at all,
Thy learnyng stands thee in no steede, thy trauell helps as small:
Thy knowledge sought in warrs abroad, at home doth thee no good,
Thy lãgage is but laught at here, where some would sucke thy blood
Thy Poetts vaine and gift of penne, that pleasurde thousandes long,
Hath now enough to doe to make, of thee a wofull song:
Thy freends that long a wimpyng were, in court and countrey plain,
Doeth serue thee to as good a ende, as mirth doeth sicke mans pain.
Thy youth though part be left behinde, whose course yet is to ronne,
With bragge of showe or seemly shape, what bote hath it wonne:
Thy honest life or manly harte, that though eche storme hath passe,
Thy reputation hardly wonne, what helps thee now at laste.
Thus to his chamber in his heate, he comes with lompyng mouthe,
And in his bloodie breast he felt, full many fitts vncouthe:
And on the bedde he laied hym doune, and for his Lute he raught,
And brake a twoo those giltlesse strings, as he had bin bestraught.
And ere he flang it to the walls, my plaieteere fare thou well;

Saied

Saied he as sweete as *Orpheus* Harpe, that wan his wife from hell:
You Instruments eche one of you, keepe well your care of woode,
And to the scrallyng eatyng wormes, I you bequeath as foode.
Up stept he to his studie doore, all that stoode in his waie
He brake and burnt bothe booke and scroull, and made a foule araie:
Some authours saie that could not be, his wisedome did asswage,
The inward passions of his minde, and heate of all his rage.
But well I wotte he did prepare, to part from freends and all,
And staied but till the Spryng came on, for leafe was at the fall:
Now all these stormes and tẽpests past, this man had sutche a vaine,
When matter mou'd, and cause requierd, he went to warrs againe.
And studyng Fortune all a like, as hapelesse people doe,
He fell straighte waies in ennmies hands, and was sore wounded too:
But taken prisnar, promesd mutche, though little had too paie,
(A subtell shift to saue the life, and scape a bloody fraie.)
Yet still because he gallant was, and had some charge of men,
He held vp heade, and in strange place, tooke mutche vpon hym then:
The ennmie leyng this yong man, bothe well brought vp and trainde,
As one that kept sutche state and grace, as he deceipt did daunde.
And to be plaine (in eury point) vpon sutche termes he stoode,
As his dissent and offspryng came, of hie and noble bloode:
Of gentill race he might make bolte, but of so greate a stocke,
He could not vaunte for that deuice, was but a scorne and mocke.
Well by this meanes he was so likt, and made of eury where,
That all that lande rang of the fame, and bruite that he did bere:
And so the Princes of that realme, to court did call hym tho,
Where he with feasts and triumphs greate, and many a courtly sho.
Past of the tyme, and grewe so farre, in fauour with the beste,
That he would plaie at Dice and Cards, and so set vp his reste:
For he had money when he would, and went so gaie and braue,
On credite that he finely wan, as mutche as he could craue.
And when to takers house againe, this prisner should repaire,
The greatest lords of all that soile, when he would take the aire:
Would in a maner waite at hande, to doe this prisner ease,
And well were thei of all degrees, that best this man could please.
A nomber of his nation then, of right greate wealthe and state,

By this mans wonde eanely band, straight waie their fredome gate,
For he was bounde for eury one, that taken were before,
And so did for their raunsome lye, and rummyng in the score.
And brauyng out the matter through, a Ladie of greate race,
In honest sort, and freendly meane, his freendship did embrace:
Who promisd hym, to set hym free, and helpe hym thence in haste,
But still about this prisner loe, a priuie gard was plaste.
Yea suche a bande and daiely watche, as he might not disceiue,
Yet he had hope in spite to scape, awaie without their leaue:
And chapt to flye, and giue the slipp, if Fortune would agree,
The watche and ward, should be begilde, and prisner should goe free.
And as these things a doyng were, a man of muche renowne,
Was taken after in the feeld, and brought so to the towne:
Where hearyng of this other wight, was nexte if he did knowe,
The former persone naunde before, that daiely brau'd it so.
He is quod he that last was caught, a lustie Souldioure sure,
A man that muche hath felt of woe, and greate things can endure:
Of gentill blood and maners bothe, and wants but wealth alone,
What what sir knight, haue you saied trothe, and is he suche a one,
Then shall he bye his braury dere, and paie therefore so well,
He shall not bolte of that he gains, in heauen nor in hell:
So all in fuerie flang he forthe, and to this man he goes,
That was in deede so farre in debt, for meate for drincke and cloase.
And thrust hym in a prison strong, where see he foode he had,
And heauie Irons whiche might make, fullie soule full sad:
His mistres knowyng of the case, her prones thought to kepe,
So wakyng in a Moone shine night, when neighbours were a slepe.
She drue her nere the prison doore, and at a window pied,
Where plainly full before her bewe, her seruaunt hath she spied:
To whom she spake and told her mynde, as closely as she might,
And gaue hym councell in good tyme, to steale awaie by night.
And left hym files to sette hym free, and robes to doe hym good,
With some hard eggs and bread in bagg, and told hym nere a wood:
There was a broune, where she would wait, for him whē time drue on
That doen she take a freendly leaue, for then she must be gon.
The prisner did deuise his beste, and bent to doe or dye,

Prepared

Prepared eche thing in order well, as he on strawe did lye:
The tyme approche, of his *aduc*, and she was come in deede,
Unto the place appointed right, with gold and wealth for neede.
But breakyng doune a rotten wall, the prisner was in feare,
For out of dedde his keeper slept, and asked who was there:
With that the prisner stumbled on, a hatchet sharpe and keen,
And raught the gealer suche a blowe, that long was felt and seen.
He cried and roared like a bull, where at the village throwe,
Was vp and streight to horsebacke went, but loe the prisner nowe:
Was at the wood, where he had found, his mistres all a lone,
Who wept and blubbered like a child, and made so greate a mone.
For that thei bothe in daunger were, but what should more be saied,
The man pluckt vp his harte and spirites, the woman sore afraied:
Ran home againe to fathers house, and he that now was free,
Had neither minde on gold nor gilt, but to the Bromе goes he.
And there abode a happie howre, yea twoo daies long at least,
He laye as close on cold bare ground, as bird doeth in warme neast:
His mistres well escaped home, and in the house she was,
Before the crie and *larum* rose, so blamelesse did she passe.
And her poore seruaunt, had wide worlde, to walke in now at will,
Although he was in hazard greate, and long in daunger still:
For he had three score mile to goe, emong his enmies all,
Whiche he did trudge in foule darke nights, and so as happ did fall.
He scape a scourge and scouryng bothe, and came where he desierd,
And finely had deceiu'd his foes, what could be more requierd:
Yet long at home he could not tell, to warres againe he went,
Where in greate seruice sondrie tymes, but halfa yere he spent.
And loe his Destinie was so straunge, he taken was againe,
And clapt vp closely for a spie, and there to tell you plaine:
He was condemde to lose his hedde, no other hope he sawe,
The daie drewe on of his dispatche, to dye by Marciall lawe.
The people swarmyng in the streats, and scaffold readie there,
A noble Dame, his respite crau'd, and spake for hym so feare:
That then the maister of the Campe, his honest answere hard,
For whiche he came in greate suite streight, and was at length preferd.
To right good roome and wages too, then ritchly home he drewe,

And left the warrs, and in greate heate, he for a wife did sewe.
But haste makes waste, an old prouerbe, *for he was wiued in deede*,
God sende all Soldiours in their age, some better lucke at neede:
Now he bethought hym on the woords, the widdowe tolde hym of,
Whiche long he held but as a ieast, a scorne and merrie scoffe.
She saied that witte and wealth were good, but who a wiuyng goes
Must needs be sure of wealth before, els he his suite shall lose:
For want but breeds mislikyng still, and wit will weaue but woe,
(In louers lomes, where clothe is rackt, as farre as threde will goe)
And whē the threede of wealth doeth breake, let wit and wisedom too
Doe what thei can to tie the threede, the knot will sure vndoo.
The storie treats no morethereof, yet therein maie you see,
That some haue vertues and good witte, and yet vnluckie bee.
In wiuyng wealth, in worldly happs, whiche common are of kinde,
To all and yet the vse thereof, but to a fewe a finde:
For some haue all their parents left, all thei them selues can catche,
And tenne mens liuyngs in one hande, and some haue nere a patche.
And some not borne to sixteene pence, finde twentie waies to get,
By happe yet some as wise as thei, no hande thereon maie sette:
I heard a white hoare hedded man, in this opinion dwell,
That witte with wealth, & hap with witte, would gree together wel.
But for to chuse the one alone, he held that happ was beste,
He saied witte was a happie gifte, but wealth made all the feaste:
Witte with the wise must companie keepe, then cold oft is his chere,
Wealth hath companions eury where, and banketts all the yere.
Wealth hath the waie the cappe and knee, and twentie at his taile,
When witte hath nere a resting place, no more then hath a Snaile:
Wit is compeld to be a slaue, to wealth and serue hym still,
Yet wealth is naked wout witte, nought worthe where lacketh skill.
But if that wealth maie match with hap, then bid fine wit goe plea,
Our old Prouerbe is giuen me hap, and cast me in the Sea:
Unhappie must I iudge this man, in sondrie sorts and waies,
Yet fortunate I call hym then, in true report of praies.
The cheefest Jewell of our life, is vertues laude well won,
Whiche liu's within the other worlde, when fame of this is doen:

FINIS.

Churchyards

¶ Churchyardes farewell from the Courte, the seconde yere of the Queenes Maiesties raigne.

THough Fortune casts me at her heele,
And lifts you vp vpon her wheele:
You ought not ioye in my ill happe,
Nor at my harms, your hands to clapp.
For calmes maie come, and skies maie cleare,
And I maie chaunge, this mournyng cheare:
To gladsome thoughts, and merrie looks,
Although you fishe, with golden hooks.
And make the worlde, bite at your baits,
And feede your selues, with sweete consaits:
Myne anglyng maie, at length amende,
My rodde it can, bothe bowe and bende.
As causes falls, for my behooke,
I leaue you Courtiers in your ruffe:
I will goe liue, with plainer menne,
And vse my booke, and plie my penne.
Perhapps that I, asmutche haue seen,
As thei that braues, it on the Spleen:
Where Cannon roard, and Dromme did sounde,
I did not learne, to daunce a rounde:
And baunte I maie, my happe the woorse,
I haue with many, a threede bare purse.
Been glad to serue, in Countries cause,
When you at home, were pickyng strawes:
Since you did spite, my doynges all,
And tosse from me, the tennis ball.
By woords and woorks, and priuie nipps,
A man maie saie, beshrewe your lipps:
And vse a kinde, of ridyng Rime,
To sutche as wooll, not let me clime.

Churchyardes Charge.

Where euery one, would Apples sheake,
Though at the best, the bowes are weake:
The Crowe bids there, full saffe ye wotte,
And neare the topp, the fruite is gotte:
Well I full lowe, must beare my sailes,
In climyng often, footyng failes.
Watche you the ball, at first rebounde,
So I maie stande, on euen grounde:
And plaie at pleasure, when I please,
I am not grecued at your ease.
Although that you, with shiftyng braine,
Doe reape the profite of my paine:
And thrusts your heads, tweene hap and me,
Whose hands doe plucke, the barke from tree.
So greate and greedie is your gripe,
You eate the fruite, ere it be ripe:
And none maie feede, but you a lone,
You can not spare, a dogge a bone.
Ye cleaue together, so like Burres,
Perhapps in winnyng of the Spurres:
You maie the horse, and saddle lose,
When that her hedde, whose vertue flowes.
Shall see the deepnesse of your sleight,
And sette your crooked dealyngs streight:
And all your painted sheathes espie,
And waie what stuffe, in shadowes lye.
Thinke you she smiles not once a daie,
To see how many vices plaie:
Uppon the stage, where matter lacks,
You doe no soner tourne your backs,
But greater laughyng riseth there,
Then at the baityng of a Beare:
Ye thinke you chuse, your shopp not well,
In Court your follies for to sell.
That shopp stands full, within the winde,
Ye els so muche, in peoples minde:

That

That if one fault be in your ware,
Teme thousande eyes, thereon doe stare.
And when thei finde, a counterfeite,
Or see, fine Merchaunts vse deseite:
Thei crie a loude, wee smell a Ratte,
Some haue more witte, within their hatte.
Then in their hevde, that sells suche stuffe,
Well euery man, vnto his ruffe:
And I into, my coate of Frees,
For I in Courte, can hiue no Bees:
The Honie there, is bought so deare,
I were as good, with countrey cheare.
Sitte free in mynde, and farre from stats,
And daiely matche, me with my mats:
As waite emong, the hautie breede,
Whose humourss are, full hard to feede.
Where small is wonne, and mutche is spent,
And needlesse hands, doe stoppe the vent:
That well might serue, a thousands tourne,
Tushe at the pricke, to kicke and spourne.
I should but hurte, my shinies ye knowe,
From Court to Countrey will I goe:
With mutche ill happ, and losse with all,
Now maie my boule, to bias fall.
In alleys smothe, where it maie ronne,
I see in Court, shines not the Sonne:
But on a fewe, that Fortune liks,
And there a man, shall passe the Piks.
Care he maie purchace that he craues,
As one doeth poole, an other shaues:
And marquesotts, the beard full trimme,
Yet nothyng runneth ore the brimme.
Till purse be full, and then perhapps,
When strings doe breake, there falles some scrapps:
Into your hands, watche that who liste,
A birde is better sure in fiste.

Then

Then liue in feeld, keepe that thou haſte,
Where wealth and witte, and tyme doeth waſte:
Looke not to dwell, what drawes thee there,
But gaine or glorie, loue, or feare.
If gaine to Courte, doeth make thee goe,
Thou art no freend, but flatteryng foe:
That daiely ſeeks, thy ſelf to helpe,
And coucheſt like the faunyng whelpe.
Till Prince hath filde, thy purſe with pence,
And then ſim ſubtill getts hym thence:
If thou in Courte, for glorie iette,
As dizard daunſeth in a nette:
The worlde ſhall thee, rewarde with praiſe,
Was neuer Courtier in our daies.
So braue as he, then will thei ſaie,
And all not worthe, a truſſe of haye:
At home thy loue, as well is ſeen,
And better, then in Courte I weene.
If like a ſubiecte, there thou liue,
And often good example giue:
To ſuche as ſtands thereof in neede,
If feare drawe thee, to Courte in deede.
The Prince can finde ſutche quakyng ſoals,
She knowes whoſe harte is full of hoals:
And ſeeth what lucks in hollowe ſtocks,
And treads vpon ſutche trembling blocks.
From ſutche is bounties larges bard,
And then is bountie laced hard:
From ſuche the well hedde ſtopped is,
A volume could I write of this.
As large as any Chequer rowle,
But I the plaine, and ſellie ſoule:
Muſt thinke and wiſhe the beſte I maie,
And little of theſe matters ſaie.
Yet he that ſtands, and giueth ame,
Maie iudge what ſhott doeth loſe the game:

What

What shooter beats the marke in vaine,
Who shooteth faire, who shooteth plaine.
At little boales, the daie is seen,
Some in this cace, maie ouer ween:
And thinke thei see in Pilstones farre.
And take a Candle for a Starre.
Passe ore sutche toyes, and aunswere me,
What cause hast thou in Court to be:
If gaine ne glorie, feare nor loue,
To Courtyng doeth thy fancie moue.
What drawes thee thether hedlong now,
Giue eare, and I shall shewe thee how:
Thei sitte and stare in Courte some while,
Yea on the other doeth beguile.
With fairest semblaunce that is sure,
And euery craft, is put in vre:
To snatche or compasse that thei seeke,
Although it be not worthe a Leeke.
The finest hedds, haue furthest fatche,
The deepest sight, doeth neerest watche:
To trapp the vpright meanyng man,
And eche one doeth the beste he can.
To helpe hym self, by others harme,
These Courtiers haue so fine a charme:
I graunt there is honour wonne,
And thether ought the subiects ronne.
To shewe their dueties by some meane,
But why haue some consumed cleane:
Their liues and lands in this desire,
Ye knowe a man maie loue the fire.
Full well, and leape not in the flame,
Some thinke thei winne a goodly name:
When thei at home are Courtiers calde,
It is full gaie, if he be stalde.
An almes knight ere that all begon,
His happ is hard, that hopes thereon:

Yet ſith I fauour Courtyng well,
Would God I had more lands to ſell.
To be at their commaundement ſtill,
If that a man haue their good will:
He hath enough, what needeth more,
Old ladds maie ſhifte vpon the ſcore.
And let their garments ly and ſweate,
Or with their Oſtes woorke a feate:
To ſette the horſe in ſtable free.
But now the wiues ſo hongrie bee.
And houſbands looke ſo nere their gaine,
A man as ſone on Salſbrie plaine:
Shall haue a cheate, as by that trade,
The daie hath bin, who could with blade.
And Buckler ſquare it in the ſtreets,
Had bin a minion fine for ſheets:
But now the pence doe make the place,
And worlde is in an other cace.
Well let the matter paſſe a while,
And heare my tale, but doe not ſmile:
I hapt in Courte (as newe Brome maie,
That ſweepeth trimely for a daie.)
To be deſierd to plaie and ſyng,
And was full glad in euery thyng:
To pleaſe the Lordes, and lordely ſorte,
For that ye knowe with chaunge of ſporte.
Theſe Courtiars humours ſhould be fedde,
And glad I was to bende my hedde:
And be at becke when thei did call,
In hope that ſomme good happ would fall.
To me for that apt will of myne,
Although my doyngs were not fine:
A Tabber with a Pipe full loude,
To better noyſe is but a cloude.)
Well as the Hackney is deſierd,
And ridden till the Jade betierd:

I did continewe long me thought,
And still I spent the small I brought.
And neuer got I one denere,
Then thought I to beginne the yere:
On Newe yeres daie with some deuice,
And though that many men be nice.
And blushe to make an honest shifte,
I sent eche Lorde a Newe yeres gifte:
Suche treasure as I had that tyme,
A laughyng verse, a merrie ryme.
Some thinke this is a crauyng guise,
Tushe holde your peace, world wareth wise
A dulled horse that will not sturre,
Must be remembred with a spurre:
And where there serues ne spurre nor wand,
A man must needs lead horse in hande.
So I was forste on causes greate,
To see in fire where laye the heate:
And warme their witts that cold did waxe,
But thrust the fire into the Flax:
It will not burne if flaxe be wette,
The fishe these daies can shonne the nette.
And hide them in the weeds full ofte,
Thou knowest that waxe is tempered softe:
Against the fire, so frosen minds,
Must be assaied by many kinds.
To bryng them to a kindely thawe,
Who thrusts a candle in the strawe:
Shall make a blase, and raise a smoke,
An honest meane there is by cloke.
To sturre the noble harts from sleepe,
Whose coffers, custome makes to keepe:
Faste lockt, that should be opened wide,
To helpe the poore at euery tide.
Thei saie that knewe our elders well,
That often tymes thei hard them tell:

That larges linketh loue full faſte,
And hardneſſe loſeth harts at laſte.
And honour leanes on liberall waies,
And fame and honour nere decaies:
Till hoorde in horie mucke doeth holde,
The free and worthie vſe of golde.
Oh ſentence hye of Fathers wiſe,
I ſweare by all the gods in Skies:
Theſe woords deſerue immortall fame,
And nothyng is ſo mutche to blame.
As pinchyng hands that ſhould be franke,
Admit the taker yeelds no thanke:
To hym that giues, the gifte doeth binde,
Eche vertuous man and honeſt minde.
As captiue in all good reſpects,
To be a freende in full effects:
As farre as powre maie ſtretche vnto,
And thei that haue in warres to doo.
Can ſaie, what bountie bryngs about,
Where that is not, the fire goeth out:
And dyes as coale to aſhes falls,
As Fouler taks the birde by calls.
In ſtrawyng corne and chaffe by heapes,
So bountie as a ſickle reapes:
The harts and all within the breſt,
No perfect loue can be poſſeſt.
Where franckneſſe makes no place before,
Though force of earneſt loue is more:
And looks not on the gifte a whit,
If man in neede and daunger ſit.
And finde their freends bothe cold and dyre,
Then loue will ſhewe a lowryng eye:
And halte with you, as you with hym,
Although that ſome can cloke it trim.
I tell you loue is eaſily loſte,
If you on loue beſtowe no coſte:

Thus

Thus as before I did rehearse,
I sent eche Lorde a merrie verse.
A iollie libell long and large,
And therein did good will discharge:
But nothyng did retourne to me,
That I could either feele or se.
Saue from a hooke, set penne before,
Ranne dropps of gold, what will ye more:
Thus in this withred age of ours,
The smell is gone from goodly flowrs.
And golden worlde is tourned to hasse,
Or hardnesse dwells where beautie was:
There is no waie to gaine nor fame,
Then learne to keepe the thyngs we haue.
For he that wants shall hardly gette,
Except he fishe with finer nette:
Then either rime or reason knitts,
This worlde yeelds not to pleasaunt witts.
To baselt mynds sometymes it bends,
For all the happs blinde Fortune sends:
Doeth light on those she fauours mitche,
Some man you see can nere be ritche.
Though twentie yere he toyle and tosse,
For he is borne to liue by losse:
And some that neuer taketh paine,
In worldly wealthe doeth still remaine.
Ne Court nor Countrey seru's some man,
To thriue in, doe the best he can:
Then finde thou faut with none of both,
With blinde affection eche thyng gothe.
Happ lyes not in mans ronnyng still,
Nor Fortune follows finest skill:
Nor he doeth not the wager win,
That in the race hath formoste bin.
In Judges mouthe the sentence lyes,
So whether men doeth fall or ryes:

Looke vp to hym that ruels the Skies,
The ritche the poore, the foole the wise.
And thei shall finde my woords are true,
Thus for a while, now Courte *adue*.

FINIS.

¶ *Of a mightie greate personage.*

When *Phebus* tooke his Purple bedd,
to rest from daies disease,
Naie seemde to dippe his golden hedde,
vnder the Ocean seas:
And faire *Lucina* ganne to shine,
and mount in starrie Skies,
Then crepte the sweete and kindely slepe,
a long my slombryng eyes.
And prickt me so to take a napp, that as in coutche I laie,
I dreampt that Natures little babes, about my bedde gan plaie:
And bad me rise, and vewe a worke, that kinde a newe would frame,
For that she thought bothe gods & men, would help to forge the same
You speake but like yong girles q̃ I, she hath all ready doen,
Sutche works as now her hands would misse, if thei were vnbegon:
With that dame Nature had I spide, with angrie visage redde,
And in her furie satte her doune, full right against my bedde.
Why foole quod she is Nature not, so perfite of her skill,
That she can giue to fleshe and fell, what shape and forme she will:
Thou seest eche woorkman finer growes, eche wit doeth riper ware,
And knowledge can amende at full, the faults where cunnyng lacks.
The Goldsmith and the Caruer bothe, and all that works with toole,
Doe mende their hands and daiely are, by Nature set to schoole:
The Princes pallace made of old, lookes like a sheepe coat now,
So if this tyme and Nature liste, to shewe their connyng throw.
Wee can set forthe a Candle blase, beyond the shinyng Sonne,
And take the light frõ twinkling starrs, whiles Moone her cours shal (ron:
Can I not call for Beautie whom, that I haue sent at large,
Haue not the hye immortall Gods, giu'n Beautie to my charge.

And

And maie not Nature breake eche mould, ỳ once her hand hath made,
And worke this yearthly drosse againe, vnto a finer trade:
Yes sure saied she, and I therewith, did humble pardon craue,
And at one instaunt by a signe, that mightie Nature gaue.
A thousande woorkmen all with tooles, came thrustyng in a rout,
And eche vnto his labour falls, as tourne doeth come about:
Thei blewe and puft and smoke out sweate, as though in thē did lye,
To shape a mould, or shew through cloude, that *Venus* dropt frō skie
Haue doen quod Kinde it shalbe thus, too long ye trifle here,
Then Cunnyng by her curious art, deuisde suche collour clere:
That did the ruddie Rose disdaine, and passe the Lilie white,
If that a medley of those twaine, were made to please delite.
The woorkmen in this hastie broile, had raised vp a mould,
And eche one in his office fine, had doen the beste he could:
Now satte thei still in silence sadd, and rested for a space,
With that dame Nature by her skill, set forthe so trimme a face.
That Sonne and Moone and seuen starrs, did seem therein to shine,
In whiche the pleasant gods had plast, a paire of gladsome eyne:
Yea euery God one gift her gaue, as *Pallas* for her parte,
Possest her with a noble hedde, to iudge or talke by arte.
And *Iuno* made request to *Ioue*, that *Venus* Queene of Loue,
Should neuer with false fonde desiers, her modest maners moue:
Dan *Cupid* brake a bowe for ioye, when this faire dame was made,
In signe ỳ she wt *Dians* Nimphes, should walke in grene wood shade
The silly woorkmen seyng this, that seruaunts were to Kinde,
Trust vp their tooles and stole awaie, yet left the mould behinde:
Whiche as I gesse of diuers stones, was wrought by deepe deuice,
For therein Jazings might you see, and pearles of passyng price.
The Rubbie ritche, and prętie sparkes, of Diamonds clere & bright,
The Emerald greene, and Margarets faire, & Turkes blew to sight
Whose vertues passeth farre my penne, or yet my tong to tell,
Demaunde ye that of skilfull men, that knowes their Natures well
Loe foolishe man, loe here thou dolte, quod Kinde to me aloude,
How saiest thou is not this new worke, more faire then star in cloude
Doeth not this worke make all thē blusse, ỳ I haue wrought before,
Yea sure, for Nature is in minde, to make the like no more.

By

By this tyme was the Larke a loft, loude chirpyng in the aire,
And eche one to their daiely toiles, gan busily repaire:
So rose I vp and vold in thought, where this faire wight doeth dwel,
And at the length I founde in deede, I knewe the worthy well.

FINIS.

¶ *Of Beutie and Bountie.*

WHen Beautie *Venus* doughter deare,
from *Ioue* descended doune,
To reigne on yearth an Empresse here,
with scepture and with Croune:
To Pleasures pallace she repairde,
where with a Princely porte,
She helde an open housholde long, in feasts and royall sporte.
The fame whereof rang through the worlde, so shrill in euery eare,
That well was him, & glad was she, that might come banquet there:
The lists were made, the scaffolde deckt, eche thyng in good arraie,
The Lords full braue, the Ladies fine, the Courtiers trim and gaie.
And as these states in triumphe were, all plaste in their degrees,
And to beholde the shiuered staues, the people swarmde like Bees:
In stept a goodly armed knight, on courser white as Snowe,
And twise he paste the Tilte about, as soft as horse could goe.
And when he came where Beautie satte, he paused with bowed hed,
And loude in open audience then, all haile faire Queene he sed:
I came quod he from Manhoods court, the worthiest prince aliue,
Who keepes his kyngdome all by sworde, and doeth for honor striue.
By battaill and by breakyng launce, who sent me hether plaine,
To chalenge for my mistresse sake, the stoutest in thy traine:
No sooner he his message saied, but in there rusht a bande,
Whose clattering harnesse caused their steeds vpō no groūd to stād.
The dust flewe vp, the preace did shrinke, the fomyng horses naied,
The trumpets blewe, the launce in rest, the spurres on sids thei laied:
Fie cowarde knight quod Courage then, can all you fight with one,
So thei retierd, and to the shocke, came youth all armde alone.
These chāpions met as yearth should shake, so fierce thei seemd to be:

As

As man became a Lyon woode, and horſe in aire ſhould flie:
At eche encounter crasht their staues, and fell amid the throng,
The buffetts were ſo freely dealt, the blood through Beauer ſprong.
The Queene cride hola, ceaſe quod ſhe, you turne your ſport to ſpite,
Some cauſe your collour doth encreaſe, & *Mars* the paſtime quite:
A cauſe quod Youth (moſte worthy dame) and my leege Ladie dere,
Came euer yet before a Prince, ſo ſtoute a chalenge here.
Who dare with *Venus* doughter boſte, dame Beautie iuſtly calde,
That came from Skies, and ſatt next *Ioue*, in ſacred honor ſtalde:
Though Beautie ſprang frō yearthly cauſe, & had but ſhape of kinde,
And did no heauenly gifts poſſeſſe, nor vertues lodge in minde.
Yet Boldneſſe churliſhe chalenge braue, too ſawſie is you knowe,
And Beautie hath too many freends, to ſee her handled ſo:
When Boldneſſe hard this taunting tale, & markt the peoples chere,
He thruſted through the thickeſt throng, and drewe the ſcaffolde nere
And all on knees he crau'd to ſpeake, and aunſwere to this cace,
On whom the Queene for honours ſake, did ſhewe a gracious face:
Speake on quod ſhe, ſo ſtept he vp, and thus to her he ſaied,
O puiſsaunt prince, thinks Youth of braggs, ỳ boldnes ſtands afraied
I am a braunche of Manhoods blood, that ſtoute conceite begate,
The hope and helpe of hie attempts, and ſtaie of euery ſtate.
That hether came for that no Courte, can be where I am not,
No Tornay ſeen, no triumph made, no fame nor glorie got:
And wotte you well, a Princeſſe too, in Court I ſerue this howre,
That is as greate in ſome reſpects, as ſhe is ſmall in powre.
If ſtately honour can be geſt, by goodly graces trime,
Or perfect beautie be poſſeſt, where Bountie ſwimes at brime:
Or wiſedome vnder ſeemly ſhaeds, maie ſhine or yet be ſeene,
My miſtres is a worthie dame, though Beautie be a Queene.
Report hath blowne to Manhoods eares, the troathe of that I tell,
Then Boldneſſe needs not bluſhe to boaſt, ỳ Bountie beares the bell
And ſith you licence me to ſpeake, I dare deuoide of blame,
Light ſuche a torche vnto your eyes, ſhall ſhewe this Ladies name:
When Skie is clere, and Sommer ſet, to ſhewe the weather faire,
I meane when calmie blowes the winde, and pleaſaunt is the aire.
A Marie gold then maie you finde, full nere an Eglantine,

Whose flowrs within the Month new buds, & yet in court doth shine:
Her countenance carries sutche a state, full right amid her face,
As though therein the Muses nine, had made their mansion place.
A ratlyng sounde vnto your eares, of her now here I showe,
Now racke & wrest my meanyng out, and you my mind shal know:
This saied eche one on others lookt, and he on horsebacke leapt,
And some that dwelt in their concept, full close in corners creapt.
The glorious sort that gapte for fame, where no deserts could be,
Did drawe a backe and preast a pace, with plaine reproche to flee:
The hautie minds held doune their heds, hye looks gan blush for fere,
As Youth beheld this sodaine chaunge, he thought no tarryng there.
The Gods regardyng from the starres, what strife by Beautie rose,
Bad *Venus* call her daughter home, and homewards so she goes:
Then sawe I Boldnesse turne againe, who gaue for Bountes weare,
A garlande of the goodliest flowrs, that euer yearth did beare.
And foarst her for to take the same, in signe of glorie wonne,
As Beautie mounted to the Gods, and all the triumphe doen:
The people seyng Beautie gon, with one assent did crie,
That Bountie pleased more their mindes, then Beautie did the eye.

FINIS.

Of one that by dissemblyng, fedde his desire.

IF loue be luste, the more my lacke,
and lesse I thinke your lucke,
Yet loue I not for leude delight,
nor gaine of worldly mucke:
But for a finer freake, be you the iudge thereof,
When craft to cloke some secret smart,
begins to scorne and scoffe.
Witte workes with words and wiells, a waie to winne his will,
And where ẏ fleight shewes gladsom smiles, ẏ world cõceius none ill
Mirthe bleares the peoples eyes, and makes the matter light,
And sadnesse breeds suspect to sone, in hedds of deepe foresight.
And worlde mislikes no toyes, that mirrie laughter bryngs,
God knowes what care the bird doeth feele, in cage that swetly sings

Some

Some weepe in wedding weeds, and laugh in mourning gownes,
And sure I smile my self sometyme, when froward fortune frownes.
Where is moste cause of care, moste signe of ioye I showe,
For pleasure is redoubled oft, where men dissemble woe:
Who bluntly bites a baite, and swallowes vp a hooke,
Is caught like Gogon in a nette, or conquerd by a looke.
But suche as warely feedes, and pikes out bones full cleane,
Shall eate their fill, & learne to knowe, what daintie morsells meane
Thus resting at your will, I feede my hidden thought,
With fancies merrie sweete conceipts, a foode full dearly bought.

FINIS.

¶ Of stedfastnesse and constancie.

WHen Constance maks, her boed in bloudie breast,
And builds her bowre, with bowes of blooming trothe:
There frendly faithe, is sure a welcome geast,
And *Iome* doeth dwell, and Ladie *Venus* bothe.
The Gods are glad, to bewe suche trothe belowe,
The heauens hopp. to see suche Constance flowe.

But where fonde lust, doeth leade firme loue awrie,
And fickle toies, in feeble fancie falls:
And foule delite, doeth feede the wantons eye,
And stedfast harts, are toste like Tennis balls.
There *Pluto* raignes, with all his hounds of hell,
In irksome shame, and swothring smoke to dwell.

Oh what a praise, hath Constance shinyng face,
What greater blott, maie be then breache of loue:
The constant minde, hath sodaine change in chace,
But thei that will, of eury water proue.
Shall drinke sowre whey, in steede of strap sweete,
For lecrus lusts, a licour fitte and meete.

Tenne thousande false, I finde where one is true,
With faithe forswornе, loe eury face apears:

These faithlesse fooles, that chaunge for eury newe,
Doe looke full smothe, yet proue but scrattyng Brears,
Since foule deceipts, hath filde the worlde with vice.
We ought to giue, dame Constance all the price.

O blasyng starre, that burnes like *Eathna* flame,
O fickle dames, goe hide your hedds in holes:
Approche not nere, where I doe Constance name,
Your dwellyngs are, emong the dampned soles.
Goe girnyng girles, and gigglotts where ye luste,
Dame Constance sitts, in glorie with the iuste.

FINIS.

Of one that founde falshed in felowship.

If faithe take foile, and plaine good will be loste,
Let fained loue, seke Larks when Skie doeth fall:
If triall greate, be made a double poste,
No practise seru's, to shoffull Cards with all.
If waityng long, can wirme but cold reward,
Bid wilie witts, goe warme his hands at fire:
If trothe want happ, for toile and greate regarde,
There is no hope, that workeman shall haue hire.
If letters large, but little likyng wirme,
Your bablyng tongs, in fine small beste shall make:
If seruice paste, a suite must newe beginne,
Newe hangers on, in haste their leaue maie take.
Since suertie shrinks, and freendship smells of gile,
Adue badd worlde, thy fauour lasts no while.

FINIS.

Written to a vertuous gentlewoman, whose name is in the verses.

Deme all my deedes by true desarts.
that sheweth eury frute,
And paise my woords, and proue my woorks,
and so esteme my suite:

My trothe vntried bids me retire, and bryngs me in dispaire,
Passe on saith hope, good hap maie come, the weather maie be faire.
Preasse not to faste saieth Danger then, for feare thy foote doe slide,
Ouhastie speede greate harmes doe rise, as often hath bin tried:
Repentance comes eare men beware, for want of perfite skill,
Therefore let reason rule the raine, and wisedome master will.
Thus in myne hedde a battaill is, betwene my hope and dreed,
Hope pricks me forthe, feare driu's me backe, my fancie thus I feed:
Though hope be farre abdue my happ, good lucke maie me aduance,
And this great warre maie be a peace, as al things haue their chance.
The tossed shipp maie hauen it, that anker holde hath none,
As rainie dropps by length of tyme, maie pearce the Marble stone:
What fort or holde is halfe so strong, that euer man could make,
But poulders force and Cannon blast, can make it doune to shake.
The pelletts all that I must bryng, vnfained faithe must be,
The ladder for to scale the walls, is trothe when tried is he:
This answere maie the captaine make, to whom my siege I laie,
Whose fort is wonne by sutche a sault, or by none other waie.
With Ensigne spred, and battrie set, I hope to make a breache,
And trust to winne by suite at length, that now is past my reache.

FINIS.

A farewell to a fondlyng.

THe heate is past, that did me fret,
The fire is out, that Nature wrought:
The plants of loue, whiche youth did set,
Are drie and dedde, within my thought.
The Frost hath kilde, the kindly sappe,
Whiche kept the harte, in liuly state:
The sodaine stormes, and thonder clappe,
Hath tourned loue, to mortall hate.

The miste is gone, that bleard myne eyes,
The lowring clouds, I see appere:
Although the blinde, eats many flies,
I would she knewe, my sight is clere.

Her ſweete diſceiuyng flattryng face,
Did make me thinke, the Crowe was white:
I muſe how ſhe, had ſutche a grace,
To ſeeme a Hauke, and be a Kite.

Finis.

Written to the good Lorde Maior (of London now in office) called Sir Nicholas Woodroffe Knight.

The tyme ſhowes all, as fire woorks ware,
in tyme greate thyngs are doen,
Tyme weau's the web, and wrought the flare,
that paine through tyme hath ſponne:
Tyme muſt be ſought, tyme muſt be vſde,
tyme muſt be tempted well,
Els out of tyme, in any ſorte,
the tale is that we tell.

So tyme moues pen, & ſturrs the muſe, (that time had lulld a ſlepe,)
To write of tyme and matter ſutche, as maie good credite kepe:
Then my good Lorde, to former tyme, I doe referre my verſe,
And auncient yeres, with elders daies, that can great things reherſe.
Tyme brought the ſworde (that eche one feares) to rule the rurall ſort,
Tyme wanne this Citie hye renowne, and gatt it good report:
Time made the choſen Maior a knight, and time did greater things,
For tyme made ſubiects loue the lawe, and honour rightfull Kyngs.
Thus tyme was nours, and mother bothe, to choſen children here,
And tyme out worne, takes life of trothe, ſo ſhowes like candle clere.
Whiche time my verſe retain's againe, and bringeth freſhe to minde,
The tyme that long is paſte before, and thouſandes left behinde:
For thoſe that in this preſent tyme, liſt looke on Elders daies,
Who in their tyme did ſome good deeds, and reaped peoples praiſe.
As gwerdon for the tyme well ſpent, and vertues right reward,
That giuen is to graffs of grace, that God doeth mutche regard:
As tyme hath taught, good men to rule, and made the bad obaie,
So tyme hath rooted vp all weedes, that made good flowers decaie.

This

This Citie claimes by tracte of tyme, a ſtately Ciuill trade,
And is a Lampe, or ſhimyng Sunne, to Countries ſillie ſhade:
For Ciuill maners here began, and Order roote did take,
Whē ſauage ſwaines in rubbiſhe ſoiles, did ciuill life forſake. (tends,
Here wit throwe wiſedome weldeth wealth, & worlde good tyme at-
And God through trafficks toile & paine, a worlde of treaſure ſends:
Here ſtates repaire, and lawes are tried, and noble cuſtomes ſhine,
Here dwells the Sages of the worlde, and all the Muſes mine.
The Court it ſelf, & Innes of court (where wit & knowledge floes,)
Haunts here as terme and time cōmands, and people comes & goes:
Here are Embaſſours feaſted ſtill, and forraine kynges haue bin,
Here are the wheeles of publike ſtate, that brynge the pagent in.
And here is now the Maiden toune, that keepes her ſelf ſo cleane,
That none can touche, nor ſtaine in trothe, by any cauſe or meane.
Then here ought be no member left, that maie infecte the reſte,
Whip faultors hence, and plage the worſt, and make but of the beſte:
Let ſtubburne route be taught to worke, bid paltrars packe awaie,
Giue Idell folke no lodgyng here, cauſe wantons leaue their plaie.
Searche out the haunts of noughtie men, & breake the neſt of theues,
Yea plucke their liurey oer their eares, and badges from their ſleues:
That breeds miſrule, and rudeneſſe ſhowes, ſo ſhall the Ciuill ſeate,
(As Lanterne to all Britaine lande) remaine in honour greate.
Demaūde how thredebare figboies liue, & ſwearing dāmed ſpretes,
Reforme thoſe blading deſprate dicks, that roiſte aboute the ſtretes:
Diſperſe that wicked ſhameleſſe ſwarme, that cares not for reproch,
Purge cury houſe from graceleſſe geaſtes, that ſetts all vice abroche.
Rebuke thoſe common alehouſe knights, ẏ ſpends awaie their thrift,
And aſke on Benche where Juſtice ſitts, how roges & beggers ſhift:
Teache railyng tongs to tune their ſpeeche, and talke of that is fitte,
Holde in the raſhe and harebraine heddes, by Lawe and Orders bitte.
Knowe whence theſe ſauſie libells come, ẏ faine diſcord would make,
And worke by art and crafte to pluke, the ſtyng from ſubtil Snake:
This Citie is no harbryng place, for veſſells fraught with vice,
Here is the ſoile and ſeate of kyngs, and place of precious price.
Here worthies makes their mantions ſtill, & buildeth ſtately towers
Here ſitts the Nobles of the realme, in golden halles and bowers:

Churchyardes Charge.

O London looke to thy renowne, thy fame hath stretched farre,
Thou art a staie in tyme of peace, a helpe in cause of warre.
A feare to foes, a ioye to freends, a Iewell in our daies,
That well maie matche with any Toune, or seare of greatest praise:
Here people are so meeke and milde, that forraine nations throwe,
In Ciuill sort, with wealth and ease, maie liue in quiet nowe.
What Citie can make boste and saie, (greate God be blest therfore)
It doeth so many straungers feede, and so maintaine the store:
For here the more the number is, the lesse of want we finde,
Of corne and cates, futche store is here, it answers eche mans minde.
Waye well the dearth of other realmes, and you shall see in deede,
The plentie of this little Ile, supplie our neighbours neede:
In worlde who trauailes any where, and then repaireth here,
Shall finde eche thing good chepe at home, that is abroade full dere.
And none but London note it well, doeth keepe one stint and rate,
Of victailes in the market place, looke throughout eury state:
Yea, here when God for wicked life, his bountie will withdrawe,
The Maior and brethren shonneth dearth, by rule and noble lawe.
Here is prouision for the poore, and who that markes the same;
Shall see that worthie Sages graue, deserues a noble name:
My boldnesse now (O my good lorde,) excuse through my good will,
That euer in my Countries praise, is prest and readie still.
And where the noughtie liues of some, are touched by my penne,
It is for Londons honour spoke, that can reforme futche menne:
Whiche in this stately shepheards folde, like rotten shepe doe liue,
And who for want of lookyng too, doe ill example giue.
God graunt whiles worthie *Woodroffe* rules, (& euery other yere,
There comes no Mothes emong good men, nor Caterpillars here:
Thus wishyng well, in Londons laude, my penne I must excuse,
To Printer sent these verses plaine, of this lasie mornyngs muse.

FINIS.